The Christian Socialist

The Golden Rule Against the Rule of Gold

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"A PREACHER'S SOLILOQUY"

Written for the Christian Socialist by Rev. Wilfred B. Fallis, Kinderhook, Mich.

The World has wandered out too far
Towards where Ambition's pleasures are;
And in Ambition's flagrant school
Forgotten lies the Golden Rule.

Nor will Salvation come to men
Until they wander back again
To kindlier living, plainer things,
The calm content which service brings.

Service that hath not for its goal
The heights of power, nor "boss" control,
Nor dream of kingship, thought of self;
But where the Public Weal is Wealth.

For can a Steel King library man
Close up the Springs where Want began?
Or must the needy thousands toil
To build a throne for Standard Oil?

Must some old men at eighty-five
Still toil to keep themselves alive,
While some young "cad" at twenty-three
Because he's rich be therefore free

To dilly-dally out the day
Or dissipate his life away,
Or ride self-will with Freedom broad
To disrespect for man and God?

Will all the navies on the seas,
With pennants floating in the breeze.
From strife or turmoil bring release.
Hold safe the World and give us Peace?

Will all the armies on the shore,
With martial tread the wide world o'er,
Drive out the wrongs which men abhor,
Stop cruelty or banish War?

Where is the secret of content,
The hope of life well saved, well spent?
It is the way where men have gone
To put the Servant's mantle on;

Where uncrowned kings in grandeur sweet
Can rise to wash a brother's feet;
And Christian Brotherhood can see
The whole wide world one nation free;

'Tis where Ambitions rise or fall
To serve the Common Good of All,
Where Each one strives the best he can
To be, with Christ, A Brother-Man.

CHARGE ON THE PREACHERS

Every preacher and church worker in America should receive the Christian Socialist for at least three months this winter. This would convert thousands and have a tremendous effect on the campaign of 1912.

God's Part In Socialism

Written for the Christian Socialist By Rev. James L. Smiley

"The distant rumblings of thunder, which betoken the coming storm of Socialism, warn the church to be up and doing."

This remark, made at a recent religious gathering in Annapolis, Md., did not commit the speaker to any definite view of Socialism; but, nevertheless, a comrade present was careful to remind the speaker that "It is the glorious God that maketh the thunder" (Psalm 29:3).

Often it is "a little cloud no larger than a man's hand" which spreads and soon covers the heavens, and pours down upon the weary earth its universal blessings.

Such results are the fruit of co-operation. Elijah's prayer co-operated with God in bringing the much-needed thunderstorm and rain. Likewise, throughout the Bible narrative, co-operation is writ large on every page.

The same principle is manifest in profane history; the guiding hand of Divine Providence is seen molding the struggles and heroic enterprises of humanity. This Divine-human co-operation seems destined to reach its climax in the sweetest fruit of the ages—Socialism.

This conviction is growing rapidly. Already there are many signs of a great world-wide change impending. The "beginning of travail," indicated by Jesus, has unmistakably appeared. Humanity is about to witness a new and glorious birth.

But, in the face of this prospect, two false ideas have arisen. They are extremes, widely separated from one another, but agreeing in this one thing that they deny the co-operation of God and man.

The one extreme view is that of the "Millennial-Dawnists." Their leader, Pastor Russell, describes the Millennium as a blessed state in which Socialism will be the economic system, but which will be effected by Christ alone, without present human assistance.

On the other extreme, certain Socialists who have (not without reason) become embittered against the church, profess to believe that man alone, unaided by the Divine, will effectuate Socialism. God has practically no part in the matter, according to their view. And so they toil, struggle, suffer and die, with no bright hope of a co-operating Saviour.

What a gain it would be if these two extremes could unite on the golden medium of the Divine-human co-partnership!

While beholding these two errors with compassion and praying for their conversion, the Christian Socialist rejoices in the privilege of talking Socialism on his knees with God, and then rising up to talk it reverently with his fellow men.

What a double joy—to worship in church, in the old-fashioned way, plus the social consciousness, and then to go out and work among the comrades with an abiding sense of the Divine Presence! "My Father worketh hitherto and I work," said the Carpenter of Nazareth. So His followers are "workers together with God." Branches of the true Vine, they fructify in Socialism by His vital strength flowing into them. This is our comfort and inspiration.

There is no place, then, for worry. And even overwork is a mistake. The odds against us may tempt to worry and overwork, for we "see the ungodly in such prosperity" and wonder how the small resources of the Socialists can cope with the millions of the enemy. Then the still small voice assures us "A small thing that the righteous hath is better than great riches of the ungodly."

As for that other class, the godly rich, they are beginning to look favorably upon Socialism, and will do so more and more, as they more clearly recognize Christ in its midst.

And thus, on the Christian Socialists' horizon, hope is ever enlarging. "We know Whom we have believed." We believe that God does the bulk of good work on earth, while He also bestows upon man the supreme honor of co-working with his Maker. This fact is in evidence every day in the physical world. The healthy man spends half an hour in the pleasant occupation of eating a meal; God attends to the mysterious processes of digestion. All the vital activities of the healthy body are pleasant, but it is God who follows them up to great purposes.

Likewise, in agriculture, the farmer plants, but God gives the increase by rain, sunshine, wind and soil. Co-operation is written over the face of all human affairs: God and man possess a perpetual co-partnership.

We should, therefore, never worry or overwork. Our privilege is to pray faithfully and to work fearlessly. Emmanuel is our Partner. Under His guidance we shall all share the joy of seeing the earth regain its lost Paradise, and of participating in that everlasting Brotherhood for which Jesus Christ died.

MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE

Sir William Hamilton once said: "There is nothing great in the world but man, and nothing great in man but his mind." The Bible and modern science agree with Hamilton in saying that man is the crowning glory and master of all creation. Man alone is made in the image and likeness of God. He alone is "King" among all animate and inanimate things. He is greater than bird or beast, fish or creeping things, mountains or plains, lakes or seas, stars or suns. All things have been put under his feet. For him all things were made that are made. He is the most precious object among the many priceless treasures of the physical universe. He is more valuable than gold, silver, rubies, flowers, beasts, laws, institutions and worlds. He is the universal standard of value. The end of all cosmic and social forces is the elevation and perfection of man. God in Nature and Grace gave His all for his development and happiness. God so loved the world that He gave many sons and His only begotten Son, that man might be saved.

Capitalism defeats and destroys man. Capitalism reverses the Divine order, it puts "things" on the throne and "humanity" on the foot-stool. Under its rule man becomes a commodity and a slave; and money, God. It prizes man less than gold, silver, brass, iron, steel, flowers, beasts, laws and institutions. He is subordinate, they supreme. He must serve, they rule. His rights must harmonize with property rights. It debauches and transfigures the tyrannical ruling rich and grinds the face of the poor to make boodle. It deprives innocent children of childhood, robs helpless maidens of their womanhood and millions of men of the last vestige of manhood. It cuts humanity up into antagonistic and contending groups and creates hell on earth. Capitalism is the defiant foe of God and man. It is the god of this world whose passion is heartless, insatiate greed and whose end is destruction.

Socialism is the sworn enemy of Capitalism and the savior of man. It comes to restore the Divine order of creation. Its triumph will put man on the throne and things on his foot-stool. Its mission is not to hurt nor destroy in all God's green earth; not to damn, but to emancipate the race and place man and things in their proper relation. It comes to save the rich from an awful hell and the poor from begging at the rich man's gate. It will make men sons of God and brothers one of another. Socialism is God's way out of our social wilderness of hopeless misery, poverty, crime and slavery into the promised land of hope, song, joy, liberty, fraternity, peace and plenty.

Wm. A. Prosser.

Whenever anyone talks about limiting the referendum you may know he has "an ax to grind." Beware.

THE TRIUMPH OF CRAZY HORSE

A Prophecy of the G. O. P. for 1912

By A. M. Kinney—Printed with Most Humble Apologies to All the Grouchy Old Partisans "Just for the Fun of the Thing."

Some Greasy Old Persons held council one day
For their tribe was showing some signs of decay;
And also, the matter of choosing a chief
Was causing these Grafting Old People some grief.
Though dozens of candidates wanted the place,
Only two had seriously entered the race;
(For Crazy Horse always said, "No, it's too soon")
They were Robert Le Bold and Bill the Balloon.

Those Grimy Old Poliwogs wrangled and fought,
Some saying the others had surely been bought;
But with all their accusing and chewing the rag
They could not decide who should carry the flag.

'Till Crazy Horse, rising and shaking his stick
Said, "By Jove! This wrangling is making me sick;
Let Robert and Bill fight it out in a ring."
"Ha! Ha!" Laughed his Guilty Old Pals, " Just the thing."

"I'll umpire," said Crazy Horse, smiling with glee,
"By Rosenpelt's rules this battle shall be;
And if either turns out to be only a dub,
I'll settle his hash with my trusty old club."

Those Grinning Old Parasites, full of delight,
Went hustling around to arrange for the fight.
A red haired insurgent was second for Bob;
A well known stand-patter rubbed Bill with a cob.

Le Bold was a fighter of famous repute;
In vanquishing wind mills, no one will dispute
That early and late he had been on the job
And had earned very fairly, the name," Fighting Bob."

How he smiled as he glanced at his corpulent foe;
The spirit of William had sunk very low;
He realized now, in this fight for his life
That fatness and weight would not aid in the strife.

Bob led with his right for Bill's face; but alas,
His arm was too short to make more than a pass;
Then he hit the Balloon a horrible welt
An inch or two under his tightly stretched belt.

A noise like the bursting of bombs filled the air;
Those Gasping Old Plutes thought McNamaras were there,
But 'twas only the bursting of William the Fat
Who fell dead as a mackerel, and almost as flat.

Old Crazy Horse snorted and uttered a howl;
"Bob Le Bold," he shouted, "That blow was a foul."
Then swinging his stick with a terrible sweep.
He swiped Bob on the jaw and put him to sleep.

Like viking of old, or a bloody corsair.
Crazy Horse faced those G. O. Ps. with a glare;
"Are there any more dubs in the house who will fight?
If not, then you Goshderned Old Pelters unite!"

Those Gloomy Old Pirates fell flat in the dust
Crying, "Dear Crazy Horse, help us, you must!
Be our leader, our hope, our refuge, our boss,
Our savior, our lord and political joss."

Crazy Horse grinned 'till his molars were bare;
"Dee-lighted!" he said, " 'Twas a bully affair!"
So, although he had always loudly said "Nit,"
This is how Crazy Horse came to be IT.

ANOTHER GREAT VICTORY

A correspondent from Florida writes:

Dr. R. Lee Kirkland, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Tampa, Fla., has taken a decided stand for Socialism, and for the redemption of the wage slave.

Last spring he fought the combined money powers of the city. His life was repeatedly threatened and he confidently expected to be murdered for the truth. In this fight he won every point at issue.

There remained a small faction of Capitalists and would be Capitalists in the church who continued to fight the working men and Socialists. On December 31, Dr. Kirkland took for his text, Luke 19-46, "It is written my house shall be called a house of prayer but ye have made it a den of thieves." The brave preacher again hewed to the line, denouncing grafters, though they sat in the utmost seat in the synagogue. This enraged the Capitalists, knowing the text meant them (whether the preacher did or not) and they immediately called a meeting to suspend the pastor from the church, but the meeting was a bad actor, and the Capitalists were turned out. Then they proceeded to assault the pastor in the presence of the congregation, and many of them struck him.

The next day an injunction was secured in the circuit court restraining the Rev. Kirkland from preaching. The allegations of the injunction were that he was a Socialist and was filling the church with Socialists, Union Labor and working people! The daily papers were full of it, and Tampa, a city of 50,000, was in a great commotion. The strongest lawyers in Tampa were employed to fight the poor preacher, who stood alone, without a dollar, with only God and justice on his side; but the good spirit seemed to move Senator McMullen, who came to the preacher's rescue and took the case into the circuit court and dissolved the injunction at the cost of the Capitalists.

The following Sunday the greatest crowd came to hear the Socialist preacher that was ever packed in the house. They were most all working people. The Capitalists have, of course, withdrawn their support from him, but the brave preacher still holds the church, worth $50,000, and lives in the magnificent parsonage, but his salary is simply the free will offering of the poor.

Suppose the comrades, throughout the country, send a contribution, great or small, to Comrade Kirkland, and let's hold the victory, already won. He is said to be a born orator and could easily command from four to five thousand dollars, but for the sake of the gospel of two thousand years ago, and his love for the poor of earth, he is receiving less than $50.00 per month.

However, if this work can be kept moving along it will soon be the greatest thing for the workingmen in the South, and the name of the pastor will go down in history.

CHURCHES AND BAD MUNICIPAL CONDITIONS

The morals of the city are the concern of the churches in the city. The government of the city is not a question of partisan politics, it is a question of business, of character, of good morals. The curse of American cities is their bondage to partisan politics.

Now, in Chicago there are 1,200 churches; that is to say there is practically a church for every voting precinct. Ought not that fact to mean something when it comes to the morals and the safety of Chicago, its womanhood and its childhood? The report of Louise DeKoven Bowen, president of the Chicago Juvenile Protective Association, on the dance-hall evil in that city, found 86,000 people in 278 dances and state that, "In the majority of the halls the boys were between the ages of 16 and 12 and the girls between 14 and 16. Most of the dance-halls exist for the sale of liquor, not for the purpose of dancing."

Is this compatible with the existence of 1,200 churches in Chicago?—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

A WOMAN'S PLACE

Robert H. Howe has written an instructive pamphlet of twenty-four pages, upon the above named topic, which is amazingly comprehensive for a booklet so brief. He traces the evolution of woman from prehistoric times to the present, marking the various changes in her social status and their causes, and showing that the present position of woman, thrust out of her home into the world of industrial and commercial struggle, requires that she take her place by the side of man as a responsible factor of political life. (Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 5c.) Order of the **Christian Socialist.**

No political "leaders" can be trusted. The rank and file must rule by constant referendums.

The Short Story

THE CATACLYSM

Written for the Christian Socialist by Herve K. Fiske, Fulton, N. Y.

They had just come from the Sunday evening service and were seated in large easy chairs before the open fireplace. It was one of those damp, chilly evenings in late September, when nothing in the world seems as much like heaven as the cheerful glow of a warm fire. He had accompanied Elsie home on several occasions, but this was the first time he had been invited in and he felt that he was indeed enjoying a high privilege.

"Yes," she was saying, "it is all settled. I am going to Paris in the spring and shall take up art and music. Oh, I can hardly wait to go."

"I am afraid you will be so high and mighty when you come back that you won't know any of us common people." Kelly spoke playfully, yet there was a note of sadness in his voice.

"Of course, I will," she assented, teasingly. "And I may not come back at all. There is such a nice little Italian count over there. He and I will study together and shall get to be the best of friends, and finally I shall marry him, and we will go down to his home in sunny Italy where we will paint the most beautiful pictures, and then we will sit and sing the hours away and he will just worship me. Those Italians are just splendid to their wives, so different from the Irish, you know——" But his hurt look warned her that she was chaffing him too hard, and she hastened to change the subject.

"It was nice of you to come to church tonight and hear papa preach."

"And hear papa's little girl sing," he added.

The stately form of the reverend gentleman himself appeared in the doorway and Kelly rose to take the outstretched hand.

"I was very glad to see you in our service tonight, Mr. Kelly."

"I guess more were surprised. I am not at all famous as a churchgoer," was the laughing reply.

"I hope I made our position as Baptists clear to you in my discourse," the minister remarked after chatting a few moments.

He had preached a doctrinal sermon, dwelling on the beautiful symbolism of the baptismal rite and the necessity of every Christian submitting to it because Christ commanded it. He had emphasized the fact that Baptists regard the holy scriptures as the rule of their faith and practice and that it was the Christian's duty to abide by their teachings even though he might not be able always to understand just why they were given.

"Yes, I believe I understand your position pretty well, but that does not clear up my difficulty. To be perfectly frank, Mr. Joyce, the reason I am a materialist is that the only god I can is the instinct of self-preservation. That is what has determined the conduct of men from the dawn of creation. It is the underlying cause of the rise and fall of nations. Even men's religious views have been shaped largely by the methods by which they maintain their existence."

"I grant there is some truth in what you say," the minister replied, kindly. "But as regards your latter statement, it seems pretty radical. Christianity is a revealed religion. It has been given to man direct from God and we accept the Bible as His own word to us."

"Mr. Joyce, the very attitude of Christians toward the Bible they profess to believe in is what justifies my contention. Will you tell me why the churches generally lay so much stress on non-essentials and neglect the essential principles of what they term "The Kingdom of God?"

"To what do you refer?"

"In the early Israelitish nation many laws were given expressly for the protection of the poor. Why have church and state alike forsaken such laws as those which enabled an unfortunate man to regain possession of his in-

heritance in the year of jubilee and which forbade the taking of interest and increase?"

The minister colored slightly. The shot had gone home. Kelly was teller in the savings bank and he knew that Dr. Joyce had several thousand dollars deposited drawing 4 per cent.

"Well, I will tell you, Mr. Kelly. In our complex modern social organization those laws would not be practical. Their enactment would surely unsettle business and cause general distress. As it is, with our present day money system, the institution of interest taking is really a blessing to the poor who are enabled to deposit their savings in the banks where they will receive a reasonable rate of interest. One of our leading financiers recently made the statement that anyone could amass a fortune by laying aside regularly 10 per cent of his earnings. It is a good idea and I understand it is becoming popular, too. I am going to predict that it is the beginning of a nation-wide movement."

Dr. Joyce proved to be a true prophet. The idea of depositing 10 per cent of one's earnings in the banks did become immensely popular. In every city and village in the land day laborers and skilled mechanics, as well as business men, waxed enthusiastic over it and many saved far more than 10 per cent by exercising strict economy and sometimes real self-denial. Bank deposits increased by the hundreds of thousands and business men were able to borrow any amount of money. Expressions of confidence were heard on every side and it seemed that the nation was entering an era of unprecedented prosperity.

One evening Kelly was surprised to see in the long line of depositors approaching the teller's window the face of old Bill Flannigan, who enjoyed the distinction of having spent more time in jail for intoxication than any other person in the city.

"Begorra, I'm through drinkin' the darty stuff and I'm goin' to save me money," he announced proudly as he shoved a five dollar bill through the window and received a brand new deposit book.

Dr. Joyce was next in line.

"Do you see what a moral reform it is?" he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "That man has more self-respect today than he ever had before. Perhaps he can be influenced to come to church now."

Kelly smiled, but said nothing.

Several workingmen now came, one by one, with their deposits, jesting with one another and assuming to be masters of finance. All felt that they were on the road to independence and were in the best of humor. Then came Corry, the saloonkeeper, nervously puffing a twenty-five cent cigar.

"Well, how is business," inquired Kelly, genially. He noticed his deposit was only half as large as usual.

"Rotten! Never worse. That man Flannigan has got a mob of the boys to sign the temperance pledge. They all say they are going to save their money." Again Kelly smiled, but said nothing.

The last man, the proprietor of a large confectionery store, approached the window. He looked tired and spoke irritably.

"I'm not depositing tonight. I've got to draw out a hundred to pay my help off with."

"Business can't be very brisk today."

"Brisk! Say, Kelly, I'm worried. I'm not doing any business at all. Everybody is swearing off eating candy and such stuff. They say they are going to save their money."

The bell in the tower of the city hall struck eight and Kelly donned his hat and overcoat and stepped out onto the street. He had had a big day's work and felt the need of recreation, so he turned his steps toward the theater, but what was his surprise to find the doors closed and the building dark.

"What is the matter? Wasn't 'Three of a Kind' to be here all this week?" he inquired of a bystander.

"Yes, sir, they were supposed to be, but they had such a poor house the first two nights that they cancelled their engagement for the rest. There's some talk that the company is going to break up altogether. A lot of other places where they were booked have cancelled their dates for the same reason. Everybody is swearing off going to shows. Everybody is saving his money."

He turned and walked thoughtfuly away. A close student of socio-economic questions, he knew that the seeming widespread prosperity of a few weeks was based on nothing more substantial than an exaggerated public confidence and that a severe reaction was inevitable. Presently he spied his old chum, Ben Hubbard, standing on the curb, his countenance the very picture of dejection.

"Hello, old top!" he cried, giving him a friendly thump on the back. "What makes you look so sour?"

"Guess you would look sour if you was me. The silk mill has laid off twenty-five per cent of the help, and I'm one of them."

Kelly whistled softly.

"That's tough. What do you suppose is the reason for it?"

"Oh, Hogan says the demand for silk goods is falling off."

"It's funny," Kelly mused, asuming deep perplexity. "Hogan has been in the bank several times when money was tight and told me that the worst obstacle he had to contend with was the difficulty of getting money just when he wanted it. If he could secure any amount of money on short notice, he could make his business the biggest in the state. Now, there's all kinds of money to loan and he starts in laying off help."

"I can't understand it myself."

Kelly indulged in a hearty laugh.

"Ben, you old blockhead, see here. You have always preached economy and I guess you have practiced it, too. Now, that would be all right if you was the only one that was doing it. But, do you know, lately everybody in the country is going crazy about saving their money——"

"Hold on there, Kelly, we aren't putting our money into our pockets; we aren't hoarding it up; we are putting it into the banks where it will stay in circulation and keep business going."

"Very well, then, will you tell a poor ignorant Socialist why the silk mill doesn't run full force?"

"I can't understand it," he repeated.

"Well, I will tell you. People are putting their money in the banks instead of spending it on silk goods and other things that are not absolutely necessary. Consequently, business is falling off at the mill. And it doesn't make any difference how much available cash there is in the banks, if there is no demand for the products of the mills there will be no demand for money. What does a mill owner want to borrow money to put into his business for when there is no market for his goods?"

"By Jove, I guess you are right. And that isn't all of it, either. I was calculating to build a house in the spring; I've got enough in the bank to pay for the lot and start the house and I was going to borrow the rest, but I can't do it if I am out of work. Chances are I will have to live on my savings this winter. You are right, Kelly; I give in; I am a blockhead."

Ere many weeks the storm broke in all its fury. The demand for all unnecessary commodities fell off to an alarming extent, throwing large numbers who were employed in the manufacture of those things out of employment all over the country. Many of these had intended building homes, but were compelled to abandon the project. Consequently the building trades suffered; carpenters, masons, plumbers, etc., were out of work and hordes of men who had intended wintering in the lumber camps were told there was nothing for them to do. Facing starvation, these men could not buy the clothing they and their families needed, and the cotton and woolen mills began to shut down. Then was seen the strange situation of famished men walking the streets because for some reason or other they were not allowed to go into the mills and produce the things they needed to sustain life; and all in a land rich in natural resources.

Panic ensued in financial circles. Old-established houses began to fail and business men lost confidence and withdrew their money from the banks. Several who lost their fortunes went insane, some committed suicide and the poorest died off by thousands while an atmosphere of gloom settled down over the land.

The bank in which Kelly was employed was still doing business, although the outlook was anything but auspicious. Many who wished to borrow money were unable to give adequate security and on the other hand depositors were withdrawing their savings. Old Bill Flannigan had saved up a hundred dollars and had begun to go to church through the influence of Dr. Joyce, but he had lost his job and been obliged to draw out continually. Finally, in utter discouragement, he withdrew his last ten and got "gloriously drunk."

Kelly had taken a kind of grim satisfaction in the general misfortune hoping it would show people the evils of the system, but now that the insecurity of his own position was pressed home to him he was all anxiety.

He was returning from dinner one day when who should he meet but Elsie Joyce carrying a well-filled basket.

"Aha!" he exclaimed. "Going to a Sunday School picnic in mid-winter?"

"No, this is no Sunday School picnic; this is to keep a family from starving to death."

"I see," he replied, sympathetically; "and you are playing the part of the ministering angel."

"I am trying to help a little," she answered, modestly. "I can't see those poor people suffer when I have plenty."

"Now I see why you have been drawing on your account so heavily of late. You must be careful or you won't have enough left to go abroad with."

"I have given that all up," she replied. Her eyes were moist, but her face was lighted with a smile of resignation.

He felt the tears coming himself.

"Hadn't you better go easy, child? We are going to have a hard winter and you may need every cent."

"Yes, I know, but I am simply trusting him who said, 'He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.'"

A wave of emotion surged up within the heart of John Kelly. He knew he loved the girl, but a deeper yearning began to possess him. Scarcely realizing why he did so, he asked:

"Elsie, child, is there a God?"

Gravely, sweetly, came the answer, "God is Love."

With a thrill of joy he understood. He had always heard God spoken of in terms of human personality, and he himself had conceived of Him simply as a material force, but now he saw in the life of this brave girl a spirit that simply ignored self-interest. Here, indeed, was the Christ.

She went her way on her errand of mercy while he, with a lighter heart, turned toward his place of business.

Bad news awaited him. Arriving at the bank he was informed that the directors had just held a meeting and had found that they were insolvent and must close their doors immediately and they would no longer need his services.

The blow now fell on the head of Dr. Joyce. The bank held his life-long savings and now they were swept away all save a few hundred dollars. To add to his mortification, the trustees of his church told him that owing to the hard times they would have to cut $300 from his salary.

Kelly managed to get a job driving a coal wagon and was sent to the church one day to deliver a load. Entering the basement he found the minister pacing restlessly to and fro. He seemed to have aged since his misfortune came upon him; his form was less erect and his face more haggard. In unfeigned sympathy Kelly placed his arm around the poor broken man, saying: "I'm sorry, but God will help you."

"Yes," answering the mute questioning of the minister's eyes, "I believe in God now. That dear girl of yours has, by her unselfish life, shown me that there is a greater force than the instinct of self-preservation."

Dr. Joyce grasped the young man's hand. "We have both learned something," he said quietly.

Send twenty three-month subs. for the Christian Socialist for $3.00 to a list of names of your own choosing, or forty for $5.00. If you can not afford it yourself, get other comrades to help you.

The Christian Socialist
FELLOWSHIP

GENERAL SECRETARY
Rev. W. A. Ward, St. Louis
GENERAL TREASURER
Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, 1451 Broadway, New York
GENERAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
of Twenty-five Members

PITTSBURG DISTRICT

Comrades in Pittsburg are thinking of organizing the Fellowship, in the territory surrounding that city, into a District Organization. This will include western Pennsylvania, eastern Ohio, and West Virginia, bringing into this arrangement the Centers at Pittsburg, New Castle, McKeesport, East Liberty and Elkins, West Virginia.

It is certain that if a strong, compact Fellowship organization is created, it must be along this line. One man, the General Secretary, in the Center of a vast country like this cannot alone meet the organization need. Those in sections where the conditions are right should assist by taking up in a practical manner the work in their territory.

We could have gotten any number of organizers to do this, if we could have paid them salaries; but it is very hard to find workers who can and will do it without pay.

The Pittsburg Comrades are on the right track. Comrades in the section described, who are interested and willing to help financially or otherwise, should address Bessie M. Womsley, 706 Penn Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa., who has the matter in hand.

Pittsburg Center

The Pittsburg Center has elected the following officers for the first six months of 1912:

Chairman, Wm. A. Prosser.
Vice chairman, S. J. Fisher.
Recording secretary, F. E. Linn.
Treasurer, Mattie Womsley.
Financial secretary, I. D. Lumley, 4813 Liberty St.
Corresponding secretary, Bessie Womsley, 706 Penn Bldg., Pittsburg.
Executive committee: P. W. Fuller, Howard Neslerode, chairman, treasurer, corresponding and recording secretaries.

Los Angeles

J. W. Wells, District Secretary for California, remains at Los Angeles. Further information from Comrade Wells reveals the attitude of the church and the course of the ministers in the last campaign to have been even more incredibly unchristian than we had believed. After public announcements, a personal visit to the federated body including all the ministers, personal letters and invitations, accompanied by papers and pamphlets, sent to 250 ministers in an attempt to get them to attend two all day conferences and two half day meetings, to face the real issue and explain why they supported the Alexander ticket and why other Christians should do the same, brought forward just one out of the 250. The only other local preacher at the meetings was Comrade Williams, a Socialist.

The reason given by this one brave preacher was that Job Harriman was not a Christian. Ye City of the Angels, your angles are not in the pulpits. The church people, led by the preachers, lined up with a crowd which intelligent people knew resorted to mean, unprincipled methods. They combined with the red-light district and the whiskey element to defeat the ticket that represented law and order and the working class. Well posted people know Alexander has no intention of reforming anything and that he does not know how if he had such intention.

What were these ministers afraid of in Wells and his comrade Christian Socialists? Why did they close their churches to him? Wells stood for the truths and principles of the Bible; stood for God and justice; for clean government. When the General Secretary of the Fellowship was there, less than a year ago, they received him kindly in their federated body and opened several of their churches for him. It came to light that many of those men were in sympathy with our work and accepted our principles. Yet, within one year, in a great political and economic class struggle, they go as a body over to the Alexander combination of vice and virtue and refuse the earnest Christian Socialist even the courtesy of a hearing. Ah! it was a class struggle; that explains it all. Alexander represented the profit taking class and the church is today a middle class institution, dominated by capitalistic influences. When the test came in Los Angeles, this became undeniable.

The church needs Christian Socialism. It is the only thing that can save it from spiritual death, convert it to the gospel of the Carpenter and restore it to the life of the lowly.

All the Christian Socialists in Los Angeles should get together, determined to change the situation and put the necessary time, strength and money—you have the truth—into a work to reach the people in the church with the message of Socialism.

After the election, Rev. Wm. Horace Day (all honor to him), arranged for a hearing for Comrade Wells before the Clerical Club. Comrade Wells appeared before that body and read an excellent paper, setting forth clearly the social message of the Bible and explaining the position of the Fellowship. There are many like Mr. Day who would be just and fair, but during the election they were too few to count against the influence of the rich and worldly in the church.

* * *

T. W. Woodrow, of Hobart, Oklahoma, spent fifty-four days lecturing in Oklahoma. His meetings were well attended and the work successful throughout.

* * *

D. C. Sherman, secretary of the Washington, D. C., Center, is conducting very successfully a class in economics, in connection with a large Sunday school in that city.

The Ashland, Pa., Center has started well. In December this Center arranged for a lecture by Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, of New York City, in Washington Hall. Every seat in the hall was taken. The lecture was a strong presentation and the impression made was very favorable.

Alabama

Parties in Alabama wanting lectures, should address J. P. Marchant, Phoenix, Ala. Comrade Marchant is a very fine speaker and a thorough Socialist. After February 1st he will go anywhere in Alabama or within one hundred miles of Columbus, Ga., and give a lecture that will make an impression, without any charge to the local or others applying.

Now, comrades, you make the excuse that you are poor. You can offer that excuse no longer. Get busy. Write J. P. Marchant, Phenix, Ala., at once.

We have just received word that beginning January 22d, Comrade Marchant will lecture at Gantt, Andalusia, Floraea, Covington County, Sellersville and Hartford.

Colorado

The Rev. Ward Winter Reese, of Salt Lake City, has agreed to lecture for the Fellowship and the party in Colorado.

This is a great chance for the comrades along the line of his route. His time will be limited—about two weeks and a half—as we want to send him to other states.

Comrade Reese is just what is needed in many places. He is intellectual, an able speaker, a thorough Socialist and a congenial person to meet. He has held large important charges. Though able to make good in big churches and among the educated and the rich, yet he is just a man among men, one of the common people, and will do equally well among the poor, the uneducated, the lowly, whose cause is his cause.

Parties wanting Reese lectures should apply immediately to Wm. A. Ward, 10 Ghio Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Washington and Oregon

Do not forget to speak to your local, or your church or brotherhood about Comrade Rev. Arthur Metcalf, who will make a lecture tour through Washington and Oregon. If you want to secure a date, you must apply very soon. Send application to the General Secretary, 10 Ghio Bldg., St. Louis.

Illinois

Rev. Thomas J. Thompson has closed his pastorate at Palmyra, Ill., and returned to his former home at Carthage, Ill.

His insistence upon social justice in modern business and industry and the application of Bible truth socially, created strong opposition to Comrade Thompson in his last charge. This led to his severing connection with the congregation, rather than be handicapped in preaching the social gospel.

Comrade Thompson intends to devote this year to Socialism in the lecture field. Before he left Palmyra, a number of Christian citizens requested the whole message of Socialism. A hall was rented and a series of meetings held. The place was packed. Thompson stirred the town as it has not been stirred in years.

He can accept calls in Illinois during January. Parties wanting lectures should secure him and he will do in your town what he did in Palmyra. Address applications to Thomas J. Thompson, Carthage, Ill.

Nebraska and Kansas

We are arranging a route for Rev. H. I. Bryant, of Oklahoma, in Kansas and we have decided to offer him in Nebraska. Those who want to secure him must apply immediately to make sure of a date as the route must be arranged within two weeks.

Comrade Bryant is editor, minister and lecturer. He has been a Socialist for years, ran for office on the Socialist ticket and has had experience in propaganda work. He is an able speaker and can make good in church, hall or on the street (in warm weather), and before any audience.

If you want a Bryant lecture apply now to the General Secretary, 10 Ghio Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

THE PREACHERS ARE COMING.

It will soon be a landslide. Word comes from all directions that the preachers are announcing themselves as Socialists and joining the Party and the Fellowship. Good, let them come! The more the better. Something is going to happen in the church one of these days. In fact, it has begun to happen, only many are not aware of the fact. They will wake up soon. But, Mr. Capitalist, it is too late. You can't prevent it. You may accept the resignations, or "fire" these preachers as fast as they become Socialists. You may persecute them as your fathers did the prophets; but it will only make them come the faster. It is great. Let the good work go on.

IF THEY ONLY WERE WISE ENOUGH TO KNOW IT, THE VERY BEST THING THAT A CHURCH CAN DO WITH A PREACHER WHO IS A TRUE CHRISTIAN WHO BECOMES A SOCIALIST IS TO HIRE HIM FORTHWITH FOR AT LEAST FIVE YEARS. THEY ARE THE COMING PREACHERS.

ARIZONA PREACHER FOR SOCIALISM.

THE REV. E. N. PHILLIPS is pastor of a leading church in Phoenix, Arizona. Some time ago Socialists, particularly Mrs. Mary Kules, determined to make him commit himself for or against Socialism. They supplied him with literature and requested him to preach on the social question. Mr. Phillips, always sincere and a lover of the lowly, readily consented to deliver a series of sermons along this line. He began preparing for this series. The more he studied the clearer became the wrongs in the present system. The more he studied Socialism the firmer became the conviction that in Socialism is the method of realizing the Kingdom of God on earth and the only solution of the Social Problem.

Of course, he realized that to advocate Socialism might mean to antagonize many in the church and out; yet when he was fully persuaded in his own mind, he did not hesitate. The declaration was made a few Sundays ago. The church was packed; for our Fellowship worker, Mrs. Kules, and others had thoroughly advertised the meeting, and the audience sat spell bound as the speaker preached the greatest sermon of his life. When the climax was reached, and declaring himself a Socialist, he made an eloquent plea for the great cause, the eyes of many were filled with tears. It is to be hoped that the church will admire their pastor for his brave stand and give him freedom to preach the whole message of Jesus to society; but, anyway, he has found his work. Comrades in Arizona should call for him at other places.

DISTRICT SECRETARY FOR ARIZONA.

Mrs. Mary Kules, 138 S. Second St., Phoenix, will be placed on the list as District Secretary of the Fellowship in Arizona. Persons interested in our work should write her. She should be in touch with all such in the state. In the Spring comrade Kules will arrange a tour through the state. She is a very competent worker and can adapt herself to any conditions. If no other place can be secured, she is willing to speak on the street. Locals of the Party and others should write her at once.

TWO COLORADO PREACHERS.

THE REV. RANDOLPH COOK, pastor of the First Christian Church, Trinidad, Colorado, is a member of the Socialist Local in that city and a thoroughgoing Socialist. Comrade Cook is willing to go out to lecture for Socialism. He not only has the qualifications in the way of education, knowledge of the subject and ability as a speaker, but he has had experience in political work, having been candidate for Congress in Illinois at one time and candidate for State Senate at another.

Here is a valuable worker within reach of Colorado Socialists. They should use him. If the Party in any other state needs a strong speaker, it may be possible to secure this comrade. Address him at Trinidad or write the General Secretary.

THE REV. MAURICE F. MURPHY, another Colorado preacher, is available in the West. Comrade Murphy was pastor of a strong church in Pueblo, Colorado, and also secretary of the Socialist Local. It seems it was not possible to hold these two positions at the same time. Therefore, Murphy lost his church. Well, better to lose position and salary than fail to deliver the great message. ComradeMurphy is able, earnest, and has been tried and proven. He is now on his way east to Kansas City, lecturing as he goes. Comrades in Kansas who want him should write to the General Secretary, 10 Ghio Bldg., St. Louis. Write AT ONCE.

IMPORTANT.

Secretary for the Colored Race.

There is more in Socialism for the Negroes than they can find anywhere else. We do not teach social equality, but we do give the Negro a square deal—we deal with him justly. This is something new for him. The negroes might better be voting the Socialist ticket than the tickets of the parties that enslaved and robbed them in the past and mislead and misrule them in the present. Educate the Negroes.

THE REV. GEORGE W. SLATER, JR. (colored), has been elected Secretary of the Fellowship for the Colored Race. A better man for the task could not be found. He has had charge of prominent colored churches in Chicago, Ill., and Aurora, Neb. Educated, experienced, a class-conscious Socialist, a very able speaker, he can do a great work, IF he is given the necessary support.

Comrade Slater needs the names of colored Socialists. Let those who read this who know colored people who are Socialists or who will arrange for Socialist lectures for the colored people send Comrade Slater these names at once. Let Socialist Locals send for Slater and arrange meetings in the sections of cities where the colored people live.

Comrade Slater needs money. $50.00 is not enough, but it will enable him to get the work started in this direction. It needs special literature and a great deal of stationery and correspondence.

Those who are willing to help start this work, please send contributions to the General Secretary, 10 Ghio Bldg., St. Louis. All of this money will be turned over by the Fellowship to Comrade Slater's work.

Address Comrade Slater at 333 Harrison St., Clinton, Iowa.

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NO BILLS FOLLOW THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST. If you get it REGULARLY, someone has paid for it. When your subscription expires we will notify you and STOP THE PAPER if you do not renew. If you receive a sample copy it is an invitation to subscribe at once.

Please do not send stamps for subscriptions or bundle orders above 50 cents. Do not send personal checks for less than $10.00, as we have to pay exchange on all checks, unless you add 10 cents for exchange. We cannot be responsible for any money sent in letters. Use bank drafts, postoffice money orders or express orders.

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THEY WILL GET IT

All Baptist Preachers of Missouri, Kansas and Colorado to Have the CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST Three Months

Nineteen hundred Baptist preachers of Missouri, Kansas and Colorado are to receive the **Christian Socialist** for three solid months each week by the generosity of a Missouri Comrade who sent $250.00 for that purpose. He is a wise man. He knows how best to use his money for the cause of Socialism, and we pray God's blessing on every one of these preachers as they read. This paper has won many preachers to Socialism and it will these if they read it carefully. Their subscription started with the Prosser Special.

Comrades, some of you could give $1,000.00 to send this paper three months to preachers. We sell it for this purpose **at cost of the extra copies.** We do this for the cause only. Will you not send as large an amount of money as you can for the preachers' fund?

Suppose you cover one or more states yourself, sending the paper to every minister of some denomination or of all.

Other Comrades can give $1.00, $2.00, $5.00, $10.00 or $100.00.

PLEASE DO THIS WORK. IT'S THE MOST VITAL WORK OF THE MOVEMENT. The preachers must be won.

THE PROSSER SPECIAL

The Prosser Special speaks for itself. Read the two great articles in it, the S. S. lesson and the thrilling short story, and you will say IT IS GREAT PROPAGANDA FOR THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE.

Distribute all of them you can at church doors and at homes. It is good for people of every creed.

Also get your branch to order a big bundle. There is nothing more effective for propaganda.

Quit putting out cheap, weak, hurtful literature. GET THE BEST.

We want $160.00 to send the Prosser Special to all the Methodist preachers in America. Will you help? Send all the money for this purpose you can spare. And it's just as good for other preachers. It ought to go to every one—and that would cost about $1,500.00. But some comrade who reads this could and ought to send the whole amount. DO BIG THINGS FOR THIS GREAT CAUSE. It will do immense good and inspire others.

"BOB, SON OF BATTLE"

This issue of our paper contains a really keen and humorous poetic prophecy from the plains of Kansas concerning "Robert le Bold" and others which may be fulfilled. Witily it sums up the situation more seriously than its jocular expression signifies, though the humorous intimation that Robert is likely to disqualify himself by a foul blow beneath the belt and give real or apparent justification for his being "laid out" with a blow from the "Big Stick" is hardly fair to that redoubtable warrior.

Robert M. La Follette is as brave, clean, straightforward, uncompromising, resourceful and successful a fighter as ever drew sword in an American political tournament. The marks of his blows show deep on the armor of capitalist tyranny all over Wisconsin and his advent into the national arena throws consternation into the hearts of the money-mad rulers of the land. His sincerity can not reasonably be questioned; and though he is immensely ambitious, it seems to be for what money can not buy. He is not likely to be enticed from the goal by glittering heaps of gold thrown temptingly along the way. "Bob, Son of Battle," with the record of many apparently impossible victories to his credit and the scars of terrific encounters upon his breast, must be reckoned with most seriously by the political wiseacres of every creed. If he wins the Republican nomination, his campaign will make the nation tremble as it has not since Lincoln ran, and the people will be aroused to deep and effective thinking; and, in spite of, yea, because of the frantic efforts of the powers of mammon to defeat him, the people will probably break through all party lines, as they did in Wisconsin, to elect him. Then a period of dangerous and promising tumult will begin in the governing department of the country. If Roosevelt should be nominated to beat La Follette, which might possibly be done, affairs would be more complicated, but still extremely unsettled, and would afford unprecedented opportunity for our revolutionary agitation. While if the renomination of Taft be forced by machine dominance upon a weary, disappointed, disgusted and unwilling people, a new radical party will likely be formed.

In either event, while realizing the importance of every move upon the political chess board by either of the principal parties or their leading candidates, **the business of all true Socialists is to proclaim clear cut, revolutionary Socialism in the face of all reform party proposals and old party tricks.** All their agitation will bring grist to the Socialist mill; and if the Socialist party leaders in local, state and national organizations have the intelligence to grind it, all will be well.

Let us not stultify our intelligence and honor by refusing to admit the sincerity and importance of the efforts of such men as La-Follette, nor lose our heads and weaken on the main working class propaganda because he makes an able effort for real progress in a different way. The efforts of reformers are permanently effective only in proportion as they hasten Socialism.

What Did He Mean?

La Follette is reported to have declared in a recent Ohio speech that "the people have one real representative in Congress." Whether he was accurately reported, we can not say. He may have meant that whereas the people have no direct vote on the senators, they do directly elect congress and can therefore compel it to represent them. If he used the words quoted, he must have referred to the Socialist Congressman, Victor L. Berger, thus recognizing Socialism as the people's movement pre-eminently. At least, he is widely suspected of so considering it. And it is so, in fact. Yet "the Socialism of La Follette," or any other old party man, should not tempt any one who really believes in Socialism to vote for him. A very large Socialist vote this year will be especially effective in arousing the nation, discouraging "labor" and "reform" parties, and hastening the triumph of the working class.

SOCIALIST CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT

Never before in the history of the American Socialist movement has the choice of a Socialist party candidate for President been a matter of so much importance. The general economic development which proceeds so rapidly in this country; the struggle—far more serious than ever—between the "Progressives" and the "Standpatters" in both old parties, and the tremendous increase of public interest in Socialism because of the many municipal Socialist victories and the large general vote in 1911, all tend to concentrate the eyes of friends and foes, of hope and fear, upon the Socialist candidates and the Socialist campaign. Therefore all candidates for state offices and for Congress, and, even more especially, the candidates for president and vice-president should be of exactly the right sort.

This means, first, that they must be well-known, loyal, revolutionary Socialists. No new men must be considered merely because they may be popular and might attract attention. There are several old warhorses who would be an honor to the party, if named, and who would fairly represent it.

Second, the candidates must be blameless in character. In some of the city, state, and congressional campaigns candidates have been nominated who were a disgrace to the movement and whose election would have been a calamity. Whereas it is noticeable that in nearly every case where our candidates have won they were men who were not only loyal Socialists, but respected citizens—respected not for money, but for character. **No drunkard, no libertine, no one of flagrant character in any way should be for a moment considered as a possible candidate by the Socialist party.** Some may wonder at these words; but all who know the inside workings of the party conventions and the ignorance of many of the delegates concerning the personal character of men with whose names they are familiar, will understand exactly why such words need be spoken.

Third, the candidates must be able speakers. There is very small hope of electing a Socialist president this year, and to "elect the issue of 1916" we need candidates for campaign purposes chiefly. A presidential candidate who fails tremendously to impress the great audiences that come to hear him has lost his main chance for usefulness and wasted the party's money spent to arrange for the costly meeting.

An old time, loyal "red," a man of clean character, and an interesting, instructive, rousing speaker—this is the sort we must have for the Socialist standard bearers of 1912 in state and nation.

TELL THEM ABOUT IT

It will be a great help to the patience of new subscribers if the comrades who get their names will explain that it is practically impossible for us to get the new names on the mailing list before two or three weeks from the time the subscription is sent in. When the mailing list of the **Christian Socialist** was small, the names of new subscribers could be written upon wrappers for mailing the same week they came in; but with a large list that is impossible on account of the expense. Because of the great amount of work attached to revising and proofreading the large mailing list of this paper, it can only be done twice a month. To surely get new names on the first monthly revision they must be here by the twentieth of the preceding month. To get them on the mid-month revision, they must be here by the 5th.

Therefore, let all club getters please inform the new subscribers that it will be about two weeks before they can get their paper, owing to the much labor required to revise the mailing lists. Let no new subscribers waste postage and patience writing to ask why their paper has not come, unless three weeks or more have elapsed since they subscribed. This also means that club getters should report all subs each week to avoid needless delay.

FOR YOUNG CRUSADERS

Conducted by M. Kathryn Spiers, 901 W. Main St., Richmond, Va.

GET BUSY!

Get busy, now, Crusaders, all,
And let us hear from great and small.
To every state we send the call—
Get busy!

Don't wait for some one else to start,
Roll up your sleeves and do your part,
We're with you both with hand and heart—
Get busy!

Here is the paper that we love,
With messages straight from above,
True use of Golden Rule to prove—
Get busy!

Let none now sit inactive down,
For Want assails in every town,
Success will soon our efforts crown—
Get busy!

Ignorance is our deadliest foe,
It causes nearly every woe.
Trim up your lamp and let it show!
Get busy!

Yes, indeed! I mean every word of it, and I shall appeal to you by every means in my power—from "doggerel" to blank verse—to brace up and make this a banner year for our paper; and this means for the cause of humanity, the Revolution—the era of industrial democracy.

Letters have begun to come in in acknowledgment of my pictures, and a few of the latter have been returned to me as "unfound," "house vacant," or without any explanation—as follows: Miss Edna Jones, Komalty, Okla., R. F. D. Box 27; Miss Violet Painter, 602 Broadway, Joplin, Mo.; Miss Olive Wilcox, Dow, Okla.; Miss Stella Marsh Norris, Zanesville, Ohio. These will be forwarded if the comrades will send me their present address.

* * *

Here are a few leters which have been awaiting publication:

Arlington, Wash., Dec. 7, 1911.

Dear Aunt Kathryn: I have four sisters and six brothers, and we are all Socialists. My father and mother and two brothers belong to the local here. Papa says he believes the **Christian Socialist** is the best paper printed in the United States. My oldest brother is a shingle weaver also. This fall I took a **Christian Socialist** to school for each of the teachers. They all seemed glad to get them except our English teacher. She is a Christian Scientist and seems awfully frank and cold in her ways. I think the eighth grade teacher is a Socialist. In our grammar school at home here we have a Socialist teacher. I would be very glad if you would send me the names and addresses of some of our Young Crusader boys and girls, as I would like to write to some of them. I cannot find any of the old papers that have the letters printed in them. I think they have been given away. I am fifteen years old and am in the ninth grade. The name of the place I live in is Trofton. We have quite a large local for such a small place, but the members do not turn out as they should. We have a grange, a store and an Advent church here. There is also a shingle mill and school.

Yours for Christian Socialism,
R. F. D. Box 32. Margaret Gillis.

This is a very good letter, and I hope some of the Young Crusaders who have also expressed a wish to correspond with some of the comrades will write Comrade Margaret. It is not clear, however, whether her address is Trofton or Arlington. I sent her my picture to Arlington, I believe, and if it is not received, would like to hear. With such a large family of Socialists, that local ought to be stirred up to take action of some kind very soon. Let us know about it, comrades! We would like to know how many of them take the **Christian Socialist**. It would be a good plan for the local to order a bundle for propaganda.

Don Palos, Cal., Dec. 8, 1911.

Dear Aunt Kathryn: Reading in the **Christian Socialist** I was very sorry to see that you are quarantined. I was glad to see your picture, and hope to get mine soon. I wrote to you last February, I think it was. Comrade J. S. Cato has been in Don Palos. He made three speeches here, and stayed one night with us. Mrs. Prudence S. Brown, of the Lyceum Bureau, was also in town one night. Papa received the "Life of Carl Marx" from the **Christian Socialist**. We are visited here at our school by the chickenpox, but I haven't got it yet. Your loving niece and comrade,

Alberta Hunziker.

Hope that you got your picture all right, dear, and escaped getting the chickenpox! As your papa is a Worker (with a capital "W") I hope you are planning to be one, too. One of these days it will be a prouder distinction to have worked for Socialism, or to be descended from one who did, than it is now to be descended from the early patriots who fought to establish a republic. How glad we will be some day to be able to think that we were not ashamed to side with the truth when it was unpopular, or to work for it when it was misunderstood! And how sorry some will be that they were not more brave and self-sacrificing! I cannot begin to tell how I admire the many faithful comrades who have toiled for the last twenty years or more, through evil and good repute, to bring the triumph that is now in sight. Some day we will establish a Hall of Fame on different principles from the one now existing in New York City, and Wendell Phillips will be one of the proudest and most romantic figures in it, while by his side will be many who are now "to fortune and to fame unknown," yet not one whit behind him in claim to our love and gratitude.

Ringgold, La., Dec. 3, 1911.

Dear Aunt Kathryn: I thought I would write you a few lines, and hope the waste basket won't get my letter. I like to read the Young Crusader page. Papa takes the Appeal to Reason, too. Have you got your pictures yet? I am anxiously waiting for one. I go to school and am in the ninth grade. I would like to receive letters from Young Crusaders, and will answer all I receive. I correspond with one girl in Texas. I will be fourteen the 20th of February. Your little friend,

Laura Tingle.

Your picture has been sent, dear comrade, and I hope you will have some more Crusader correspondents soon. It is a fine thing for our circle to draw close together by every means, and writing a good letter bids fair to become a lost art under our modern system of education, so we should practice it all we can. It is very useful to be able to express oneself in clear and well-chosen English. I hope to have a regular avalanche of letters very soon, and that all of our Young Crusaders will take pride and pleasure in telling of events of interest to our readers, and devising ways of helping the Cause. That is a kind of competition which I believe in—one we can co-operate to promote!

Palisade, Colo., Dec. 1, 1911.

Dear Aunt Kathryn: Hearing of your illness, I thought I would write a few lines to cheer you up. I like your plans for the Young Crusaders very much. I will do all I can to help you. Papa and mamma are Socialists and take many papers beside the **Christian Socialist**. We think the dawn of a new day is near at hand, and with God's help we will soon be a free people.

Yours triuly, Lela B. Silvey.

Bless your heart, dear, it did cheer me up to get your letter while my little girl was so ill, with its bright and ready promise to 'help all you could!' Oh, if all would really try their very best, and work together in holy love and zeal, how soon all our difficulties would disappear! Yes! It is only by God's help—by help of Love Itself—that we shall ever be a free people, or worthy of true freedom. That truth is particularly what this paper stands for. Its message must be brought to all the Christian people in this country, and the smallest child may help.

Aunt Kathryn.

International Sunday School Lessons

By Rev. Wm. A. Prosser, Pastor Ames M. E. Church, 4648 Second Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LESSON FOR FEB. 11, 1912
The Boy in the Temple.—Luke 2:40-52

Golden Text—How is it that ye sought me? Know ye not that I must be in my Father's house?—Luke 2:49.

* * *

In the last lesson we saw the Joseph family fleeing for the safety of their baby boy in Egypt. Where and how long they lived ably they did not have to live there long, for soon after the death of Herod, which occurred shortly after the "Massacre of the Innocents," they were informed in a dream it was safe for them to return to their home land. Judging from the Gospel narratives they returned with the intention of settling in Bethlehem, but hearing that Archelaus was reigning in his father's place, they changed their minds and went to Nazareth. Here, in this little secluded town, nestled among the rugged hills of Galilee, they and their child were safe. It was here, perhaps without once leaving the little town for the world outside Jesus spent the first twelve years of His life. No notice is given us of how He spent His childhood days, or of His early development other than the striking summary given by Luke 2:39, 40, 52. Here it is said that "the child grew, and waxed strong, learning wisdom and the grace (the good will) of God was upon him." "And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." While this is brief, it is sufficient to warrant the statement that the mental, moral and physical development of Jesus was perfectly human, just like that of any other human child.

When Jesus was twelve years old His parents took Him with them to the temple service in Jerusalem. It is highly probable this was the first time Jesus had been to the temple since His "Redemption." On this occasion they were going to observe, with thousands of others, the great seven-day feast of the Passover, the Jewish "Independence Day." Though Jesus Himself had probably never seen the feast of the Passover, He no doubt knew a good bit about it from reports of the event by His parents and His study of the "Torah" in home and synagogue. His parents no doubt had told Him of the prolonged festivities ending with the Pascal-lamb supper, of the elaborate services with robed priests and beautiful ritual, of the vast throngs composed of all classes of people from all over the world that were there and somewhat of the deep spiritual significance of the entire service. We can imagine that the boy Jesus came to Jerusalem on this occasion with strange thoughts and feelings in his heart. The event, in anticipation and actually, made a profound impression upon his receptive mind. He came to the feast all aglow with hopeful emotions. It is the things that happened at the Feast in connection with the "Holy-family" that constitute our lesson.

Church-Going Habit

The Jews were a great church-going people. Through legal requirements, force of habit and sincere desire to worship God, the people of all classes learned to go to church. When they were too far away to attend the temple services they established local synagogues and carried out the service there as best they could. And no matter where they were they would, if at all able, go to Jerusalem at least three times a year to observe the three great feasts of Passover, Pentecost and Tabernacles. They scrupulously attended church and observed the ceremonial requirements of the law. Even when as far from the moral law in personal character as the poles are apart they always went to church and went through the religious forms. Their ceremonial faithfulness finds a historical parallel in the ceremonial faithfulness of the Roman and Greek Catholic communicants.

It was in perfect keeping with this national church-going custom that the devout Joseph took Mary and the boy to Jerusalem on this occasion. But it was more than a legal requirement or force of habit with them. Like many devout ones today they went out of sincere desire to worship God and to receive balm for their aching hearts and inspiration for tomorrow's tasks. It makes all the difference between day and night how and for what purpose people go to church.

The Gospel records make it perfectly clear that Jesus, when he became a man, went to church. He went to both synagogue and temple. It was his "wont" to go. He went up to the day of his death. Verily, it was while attending the Passover feast in Jerusalem he was put to death. He always went to church; but he never went in

mockery. He did not go as a passive and silent worshipper. He did not go as a cowardly devotee or in slavish fear of the preachers and the "Official Boards." He went as a worshipper of the true God and demanded that the "house of God" should not be converted into a den of thieves, but be preserved as a place of prayer. He went as a stalwart Protestant, to protest against dead religious formalism, sham worship, the perversion of truth and the prostitution of the church to class rule and class ethics. He recognized in the church a Divine institution which belonged to all the people and he would go into it and make it such, if possible. He knew vast multitudes of people attended both synagogue and temple and he would go there and teach them. He went to the synagogues on the Sabbath days and expounded to them the truth. He knew vast throngs would be at the national feasts in Jerusalem and he resorted thither regularly and used the occasions as opportunities to drive home to the hearts of the people the deeper and truer meaning of the feasts. The people were at these places on such occasions and he went to where the people were in spite of hell. The people were in darkness and he went to bring them "the Light;" they were hungry and he went to give them the "Bread" of life; they were thirsty and he went to give them the "Waters" that would forever quench their thirst; they were foot-sore and weary and he went to give them "Rest." Opposition, snubs, insults, slander, lies, threats of violence did not deter him. He went to church not for the sake of the church, but of the people who went there. The church in his mind was a means of getting at the people and not an end in itself. He went to church up to the very hour that "Special Privilege" in the church threw him out and killed him.

Luther did the same thing in the fifteenth century. Wesley did the same thing in the eighteenth century. Both went to church up until the church threw them out. They did not leave the established church but the established church left them. They went to church as long as they could. Why? Because the people were there and they sought, through the church as a means, to educate and guide them. Both of them acted on the principle that the church was a social institution and belonged to the people and not to a class. They went there as by Divine right and demanded to be heard. Opposition, snubs, insults and persecution did not stop them. They endured all, that they might reach the people with the truth as they saw it.

Let the Revolutionists of today take their cut from the greatest Revolutionists of yesterday. "Comrades of the Cross," go to church! The church is a social institution and belongs to all the people, to you as well as others. **You have a right there.** The church, through its various services, is an equal opportunity to declare the truth. The people are there 30,000,000 strong, the class that ought and can be reached. They need your help and you must help them. You need not go to church as a coward or bully; **go as a manly man with a message of truth.** You need not go as a blatant, egotist, or browbeater; **go with a yearning passion to save the lost.** You need not go a blind and dumb worshipper; go as a Pro-test-ant against false worship, perversion of truth and the prostitution of the church to the interest of Fashion, Money and Power. Will the official church receive you with open arms? Not all, **but the majority will.** But suppose they don't, what of it? Is it not the duty of God's prophets to preach the truth whether the people will hear or no? If they lie and slander, bear it. If they persecute, suffer it. If they kill, then die for the cause. It is no more than others have done for Christ's sake. If past generations have toiled, suffered and died to give thee the portion of freedom thou now hast, is it not thy duty to do as much, if need be, for present and future generations? Like Paul, we are debtors both to Greeks and to Barbarians, both to the wise and to the foolish and are under ever-lasting obligation to preach the truth, so far as in us lie, both to those who are in the church and out of it. Our debt to Moses, Christ, Luther, Wesley, Marx, Lincoln and others can be paid only by conserving the blessings they have bequeathed to us and passing them on to future generations safeguarded and multiplied. If thou hast to toil, suffer and even die to pay thy debt to God and man, be honest, endure it and pay it.

"Jesus paid it all, all to him I owe."

Early Social Consciousness

Oriental children mature early. The Jewish boy was regarded as a "son of the law" at thirteen and treated more as a man than a child. When His parents found Jesus in the temple after three days of anxious searching his mother said to him: "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I sought thee sorrowing." Yes, said he, in reply, that may be so, but did you not know better than to search for me so long among the crowds, on the streets or in houses? Did you not know to expect me to be in my Father's house busy about my Father's business? I am here even as ye should have expected. And they, his own parents, understood not the meaning of his statement! He came unto his own and his own knew and received him not.

What was his Father's business? More than once he declared his mission to be the doing not of his own will but the will of God. He came to serve himself only by serving God first. It was his meat and drink to do his Father's will. Judging by the many and various occasions upon which he used the expression we conclude that the doing of God's will to him was:—an effort to establish a universal social order of justice and mercy in which the moral law would be fulfilled, the church and state become Divine agents for the execution of righteousness, the "publicans," "sinners," "harlots," "poor," oppressed,"—the lost would be found and the weary find rest and the strong bear the burdens of the defectives. God's will is that every man shall have an equal chance to life, liberty and happiness and Jesus came to execute that will.

But more. He said I "must" do my Father's business. The word "dei" means it is "binding" upon me; it is "imperative" or "inevitable" that I do my Father's business. The expression not only indicates a clear social consciousness but the absolute necessity of executing it. Does it not clearly indicate that Jesus conceived that all he was and hoped to become depended absolutely upon him carrying about with him a social consciousness and performing a social mission? We think so. If he would serve God and save himself he must serve others.

If the boy Jesus can be accepted as an authority on Sociology he has given us, in his reply to his mother, some tremendous significant social maxims. If we universalize the points in his saying they read, every man is a social being, related to God and men; that a necessary prerequisite for mature human life is a clear and definite social consciousness; that personal and social salvation are dependent upon every human unit living not for self but for others; and that it is the imperative business of every man to work for the establishment of a just social order in which the realization and practice of these principles are universally possible. The social consciousness and mission of Jesus must become the consciousness and mission of every man who would serve God and save himself.

Jesus Lost

This time it is not man that is lost, but Jesus. The parents have lost Jesus! It starts the query, how did they lose him? The answer is, in just the same way that his supposed friends always lose him, by false suppositions. They "supposed him to be in the company." They took it for granted he was in the crowd going northward; but he wasn't. How many times do people, people who really think they know Christ and love him, lose him through inexcusable slipshod suppositions? They "suppose" he is with them and in their heart when upon close investigation they discover he is not there at all. They have lost him through false supposition. The presence of Jesus cannot be taken for granted. He is not always in the place nor with the people he is supposed to be. His presence must be an intelligent certainty and not mere supposition.

When he is lost where can he be found? The parents, still laboring under the guidance of false supposition, sought him first among their kinsfolk and acquaintance. He was not there. They then returned to the city and sought him sorrowing for three long days among the crowds. He was not there. Then for some reason and as a last resort they sought him in the temple, a place where they least expected to find him. But to their surprise he is there. Where is Jesus? Always in that sacred place where the truth can be taught and mercy can be shown. What is he doing? His Father's business. He is with the ignorant teaching them the truth; with hungry, feeding them; with the naked, giving them clothes; with the sorrowing, imparting comfort; with the sick, healing them; with the harlots and sinners, trying to save them. Wherever this work is being done Jesus is there. **Whoever does this sort of work Jesus is with them.** You need not search in vain for three long days or years, go at once to these places and among these people you will find Jesus there. It is not they who say, Lord, Lord, that shall be saved, but they who **do the will of my Father.**

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